

BOSTON, JUNE 7, 1879.

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All the articles not credited to other publications were expressly written for this Journal.

Published fortnightly by HOUGHTON, OSGOOD AND COMPANY,
220 Devonshire Street, Boston. Price, 10 cents a number; \$2.50
per year.

For sale in Boston by CARL PRUEFER, 30 West Street, A. WILLIAMS & Co., 283 Washington Street, A. K. LORING, 369 Wash-
ington Street, and by the Publishers; in New York by A. BRENTANO, JR., 39 Union Square, and HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co.,
21 Astor Place; in Philadelphia by W. H. BOKER & Co., 1102
Chestnut Street; in Chicago by the CHICAGO MUSIC COMPANY,
512 State Street.

SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELO."

(Continued from page 81.)

OLD Nina waited long in vain, next day,
For her young master, at the morning meal.
Past doubt he had again, as was his wont
Too often, — ah, he labored far too hard!
And shaking her gray head she sadly sighed, —
Arisen with the sun and early lark,
And stolen to his work, where, brush in hand,
He never thought of rest, or sleep, or food,
Unless she summoned him.

So she crept up
And tapped upon the door of his great work room,
Then opened and slipped in — he was not there —
And so passed to his chamber just beyond;
Nay, nor here either — not yet anywhere
About the whole wide mansion could be found.
Where Nina, calling out his name, sought him
Through all the empty, silent, sounding halls.
For Sanzio long ere this was far away,
Speeding across the plain and through the wood,
Back o'er the path traversed but yester eve.
He paused not to salute the sun, drink in
The freshness of the beauteous morning, bent
But on the execution of a dream
That in the long hours of the wakeful night
Had ripened to a firm and fixed resolve.
Only his horse, feeling the velvet turf
Beneath his hoof again, threw back his head,
Snuffed the sweet air with wide dilating nostrils,
And whinnied loud. And Sanzio's heart rejoiced
At the good omen. "Why, a Persian prince
Had won his kingdom thus!" he smiling thought;
"May the kind gods favor my cause like his!"
And gayly cried, "Well done, well done, my friend!"
Clapping his steed's sleek neck, and urging him
Still fast and faster forward, while the horse
Whinnied again, and as with winged feet
Flew o'er the ground.

Thus rose to view ere long
The well-remembered clearing in the woods,
Where a gnarled apple-tree, its branches hid
Beneath a snowy cloud of tinted blossoms,
Threw out its shadow far and wide. And here
Sanzio leaped lightly down, and left the horse
To browse at will among the grass, while he
Stole toward the house in eager haste, on foot;
But at a little distance suddenly
He spell-bound paused, and stood immovable
At sight of her his hungry eyes had craved,
Through yearning hours, to feed on thus again,
And, hidden by the trunk whereon he leaned,
He watched her long, unseen, with raptured gaze
And a heart swelling high.

The open window,
Round which a clambering vine luxuriantly
Twined its fresh tendrils, hung with small white flowers,
Framed in the fairest image in the world,
So Sanzio thought. Here Benedetta sat,
A dainty basket in her lap, wherein
She broke some long green stalks with busy hands,
Humming a tune, gayly, but yet so low
Its breath scarce parted the soft, curving lines
Of the closed lips. Her hair, glossy and dark,
What though bound back into a simple knot,
Yet waved and curled itself so willfully,

Rebellious ringlets rose up everywhere
Like a dim halo round the low white brow,
Bending above her task. Yet once or twice,
Hearing, perchance, some rustle in the woods,
Some faint, unwonted stir amid the stems,
She raised her head, like a bright, startled bird,
And slowly gazed a moment right and left,
A look of timid pride and shy surprise
In her sweet face. Then Sanzio fearfully
Drew further back, and held his breath, and would
Have checked the very beating of his heart,
Which throbbed more loudly, as there turned on him
The great, wide-open hazel eyes, shining
With such a mild, clear radiance, that he fancied
The happy sun had left there half its light.
Oh, and what marvel if its brightest beam
Loved to dwell there! And he cried inwardly,
"My gentle dove! My golden-eyed, sweet fawn!"
Marked how the fair young head was set and poised
With such an exquisite tenderness and grace
On the white, slender throat, it seemed a flower
Unfolding on its delicate parent stem.
That meekly, and yet half unconsciously,
Rejoices in its own surpassing beauty, —
And how there lingered in each purest line
Of face and form, blent to a perfect whole,
Like bloom and freshness of the early dew,
Still something of the child, not ripened yet
To full-blown womanhood.

Perceiving naught,
She ever then took up her work again,
With it her broken little tune, and drooped
The long, dark lashes, that had well-nigh kissed
The faintly-tinted cheek.

At length she paused,
And sat a moment with her slender fingers
Clasped idly o'er the basket, while a look
Of dreamy reverie, like a fleeting shade,
Passed over brow and eyes; then suddenly
A faint, half smile parted the rosy lips,
And like a quiet ripple lost itself
In a small dimple.

Then she left her seat,
Threw the low door wide open, and let in
A flood of light, dappled with shadowy leaves,
That merrily played and danced about her head,
And gliding down the dark, close fitting bodice,
Touched the bright border of her robe, whence peeped
The dainty, tripping foot, as she arose
On tiptoe now, to fasten back above
A tendlir of the vine that trailed too low;
And as she raised her hands, the long white sleeves
Fell back, revealing the fair rounded arm
And slender wrist. And Sanzio, with his heart
Brimful of joy, hanging on every breath
And motion of the lithe young form, drew near,
And so stepped forth at last.

When she glanced down
He stood before her, doffing his plumed cap
In silent greeting. Her wide, lustrous eyes
Lit up with a swift look of recognition,
And a faint flush, half pleasure, half surprise,
Rose over brow and neck, but yet her cheek
Dimpled again, as with a quiet word
She bade him enter, for he prayed the grace
Of a brief converse with her mother.

She,
Summoned by Benedetta, quickly came
From out an inner room; yet, Sanzio thought,
With something haughty in her step and mien,
And a mistrustful look in her dark eyes,
As briefly she saluted him, nor begged
He might be seated, like a welcome guest,
And stood herself, to wait his pleasure thus.
But he to Benedetta turned once more, —
"Would she refresh him kindly, ere he spoke,
With a cool draught of water? He had come
A goodly distance, and the sun was warm!"
Glad of this pretext thus to put from him
One moment the sweet magic of her presence,
That drew his eyes again and yet again,
To set them free no more, and would too much
Distract and hinder him while he must state
The purpose that had brought him. Even now
When she had vanished, and he heard ere long
A silvery laugh outside, and the old wall
Creak heavily, and fancied how perchance
Her little hands would up the brimming bucket,
He tripped and stumbled in his hasty speech,
As he began: "Did they not sometimes come
Into the city, mayhap, for a while, —
Or had they not some friends or kinsfolk there,
Where she might stay, — in fine, would she permit
That he should paint her daughter? He was one
Who made such art the labor of his life,
And he had need of such a face as hers
For a great picture of the Blessed Virgin,
Whereon he wrought just then."

The woman heard
In unmoved silence, and then shook her head.
"No, — they had no such friend! Long years ago,
While her good son yet lived, — his wife had died
When this his child was born, — they, too, had dwelled

In the great town; now all were strangers there!
Yet stay, — she recollected there was once
Among the servants of some noble lord,
A distant cousin of her own. Ay, ay,
Anna by name, and a kind, pious heart!
But she was old e'en then, and long ere this,
Past doubt, laid in her grave, Heaven rest her soul!
No, no, — what he demanded could not be!"
She said, a hard tone in her firm, clear voice,
And then to Benedetta, who returned
With the fresh draught, presenting it to Sanzio,
"Leave us, my child!" and motioned her away
By an imperious gesture.

She obeyed,
With a swift, wondering glance at both of them,
Slipped through the door and closed it after her,
But Sanzio, while he drank, his eager gaze
Following her every step, perceived ere long
How the door slowly moved, then noiselessly
Slid a small space ajar, and though in vain,
By such sly glances as he dared to give,
He watched and waited to behold her face
Peer through it, he yet fancied that he felt
Her sweet, bright eyes on him.

And there in truth
She stood, her beating heart close to the door,
To look, not listen. In the small, cracked mirror
Between the windows, that reflected here
The corner with the pretty, gilded shrine
That she had decked with flowers an hour ago, —
She plainly saw the face and form that pleased
Her fancy passing well e'en yesterday,
Far more than all the other noble lords,
Then his companions. She had thought of him
Oh, many, many times, since he had gone!
And now was glad to gaze on him unseen
Till she should have content, if that might be.
How lithe he looked, and yet well-knit and strong,
With a short mantle flung across his shoulders,
How young, and yet long years a full-grown man!
With manly strength, and winning, youthful grace,
A noble frankness and simplicity,
And yet a quiet dignity and pride,
Like a young prince's — was he such, perchance? —
Most happily blent in him. How fair and fine
Was the brown, wavy hair, that he wore long,
And now and then tossed backward carelessly,
Standing uncovered still; how gently soft
The large brown eyes! Only upon his brow
There sat a look of thought so deep, so earnest,
It seemed like sadness, and his lips were grave.
Yet they could smile with wondrous sweetness too;
And those soft eyes kindle with dancing lights
Of sparkling mirth and mischief! She perceived
And noted all. Yet more than all things else,
A subtle, powerful something, that streamed forth
Like a rare perfume, of strange, magic spell,
From his bright presence, drew unconsciously,
But yet resistless, all her heart to him,
As she thus watched him with her mother. Ay,
Sometimes she caught her outlined features too;
How stern they looked! she thought. And once or twice
He slightly frowned, and pressed his lips together,
And tapped his foot, as half impatiently,
Upon the floor, yet ever with respect
Received her words.

For Sanzio undismayed
Had to the charge returned. Yet if it chanced
That the old cousin lived, and could be found, —
And he would search the town from end to end, —
Would she not then permit her child to come
For one short week, — three days? He pleaded long,
And long at first in vain. The woman had
A thousand arguments, and doubts, and fears,
That he must combat one by one. But as
She stood before him thus, unbowed by years,
A stately presence still, and with a trace
Of noble beauty in the hard-set features, —
Perchance she too was fair once as her child;
Oh no, yet surely never half so fair,
She ne'er had Benedetta's tender grace! —
He listened with what patience he could find,
For her sweet sake. And so at length, at length,
Won mayhap by his eloquence, mayhap
By that fine charm that silent as the sun,
And as unfailing, wrought on all, she said,
Well, let him seek, then! If old Anna lived,
The child might go and stay with her a week,
One week, but mark you, not an hour beyond!
And he might then and there — but in good truth,
Who was he, though, and what his name?

"Sanzio,"

He simply answered, "mayhap" — "How!" she asked,

Unbending slightly from her dignity,
"Sanzio, the famous Signor, who last year
Painted St. Catherine, the great altar-piece,
For the dear ladies on the Hill beyond,
That all the country round would flock to see
On feasts and holidays, — she, too, went once
With Benedetta, though the way was long, —
Could it be he?"

"The same," he smiling said,

"What though his name was scarce so widely famed,
As she most kindly thought."

She courtied. "Ay,
Wherefore had he not told her this ere now,
Then mayhap had he found her more inclined!"

So it was speedily fixed: Sanzio should send
A message, telling her that all was well,
If he could find old Anna, and the child
Should come to town with their good, aged neighbor,
Within three days from thén.

And now at last,
With words of thanks accepted graciously,
He took his leave, without another glimpse
Of Benedetta. But as he looked back
He saw her standing in the open door,
And for his life could not refrain, but kissed
His hand to her, again and yet again,
She waving hers for answer timidly,
Till he had vanished.

(To be continued.)

BEETHOVEN AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS PRODUCTIVITY (1807-9).

TRANSLATIONS FROM THAYER'S THIRD
VOLUME.

II.

THE RASOUMOWSKY QUARTET.

1808. — Count Rasoumowsky is set down in the list of arrivals in Vienna, in the summer of this year, as coming from Carlsbad, and living in "his own house," — that is to say, in his new palace on the Danube canal, to which he had removed a short time before from the Wollzeil; he had furnished its interior in the most splendid style. Of course he could not compete with men like Lobkowitz or Esterhazy (princes with extensive hereditary possessions) in the keeping of an orchestra or vocal choir; but it did lie in his power and corresponded with his taste to have the first string quartet of Europe in his service. His own skill qualified him perfectly to play the second violin, which he commonly did; but the young Mayseder, or some other one of the first violinists of the capital, was always ready to take his place when so requested. Therefore only three permanent engagements were necessary; and these were now made, in the late summer or early autumn of 1808.

Schuppanzigh, the first quartet player of his time, but still without a permanent position, received the place of first violinist for life, and to him was intrusted the selection of the rest. He at once recommended Weiss for the viola whom Rasoumowsky accepted, and to whom he assigned suitable lodgings for himself and family in the houses connected with his palace. Of Joseph Linke's skill and talent Schuppanzigh had received so favorable an impression that he secured for him the place of violoncellist. He was a young man of twenty-five years,¹ in his exterior a little hunchbacked, an orphan from his childhood. Seyfried, in whose orchestra Linke was solo violinist for many years, says of him: "At the age of twelve the orphan boy came to Breslau, to the Domini-

¹ Linke during his last years was solo violoncellist at the Theater-an-der-Wien. Kapellmeister Adolph Müller, of that theatre, describes his personal appearance as follows: "Linke was of middle stature, with a somewhat crooked back, — perhaps from the continual handling of his instrument, which afterwards reduced him to a hunchback. Face and body fleshy, somewhat puffed out; a pale, monotonous complexion; hair a good deal mingled with gray. He spoke little, — still less when he handled his instrument, of which (without charlatanism) he was a master in every respect; for Linke was universally known and honored, not only as a correct player, but also a technical master." (From a Letter to the Author, April 25, 1873.)

cans, in whose choir he had to assist with the violin; and from the accomplished organist, Hanisch, he received his initiation into thorough-bass, as well as on the organ. Then also he began, under Lose's and Flemming's guidance, to learn the violoncello; making such decided progress that, when the former left the theatre orchestra over which C. M. von Weber presided, he was already qualified to take his place. In the year 1808 he resolved to visit Vienna, where he arrived on the first of June, and soon after was received into the *Hauskapelle* of Prince Rasoumowsky. Here he enjoyed the fortune of becoming acquainted with Beethoven, who truly prized the talented young artist, wrote much for him, and even studied after his ideas. Hence Linke, with his *Commilitonen* (comrades in arms, fellow-students) acquired, so to say, a European fame in the performances of the tone-creations of this genial master."

Förster was the Count's instructor in musical theory, the learned Bigot was his librarian, and his talented lady was pianist. These were the years (1808-15) in which, according to Seyfried's account, Beethoven was, so to say, cock of the walk in the princely house. "All that he composed was there tried, though smoking hot from the pan, and executed according to his own directions with hairbreadth exactness, — just as he wished to have it, and not in the least otherwise, — with a zeal, a love, a complying spirit, and a piety, which could only emanate from such glowing worshipers of his exalted genius; and it was only through the deepest penetration into his most secret intentions, through the most perfect apprehension of their spiritual tendency, that those quartettists, in the delivery of Beethoven's compositions, attained to that universal celebrity about which only one voice reigned in the whole world of art."

A CONCERT WITHOUT A PARALLEL.

1808. — In return for the noble contribution which Beethoven, through his works and his personal services, had made to the charity concerts of April 17 and November 15, Hartl granted him the free use of the Theater-an-der-Wien for an "Akademie" (concert), which was announced in the *Wiener Zeitung* of December 17, as follows: —

MUSICAL ACADEMY.

"On Thursday, the 22d December, Ludwig van Beethoven will have the honor to give a musical academy in the K. K. Privil. Theater-an-der-Wien. The pieces collectively are of his composition, wholly new, and have not yet been heard in public. First Part. 1. A symphony, under the title 'Recollection of Country Life,' in F major (No. 5). 2. Aria. 3. Hymn, with Latin text, written in church style with chorus and solos. 4. Pianoforte concerto, played by himself.

"Second Part. 1. Grand Symphony in C minor (No. 6). 2. Sanctus, with Latin text, written in Church style with chorus and solos. 3. Fantasia on the pianoforte alone. 4. Fantasia on the pianoforte, which ends by degrees with the entrance of the whole orchestra, and at last with the falling in of choruses by way of finale.

"Boxes and reserved seats are to be had in

the Krügerstrasse, No. 1074, in the first story. The beginning is at half-past six."

Can the annals of musical art name any concert programme of purely new works — and such works! — collectively by the same composer, which will bear comparison with the above?

The high importance of the compositions produced on this occasion, the strange events which (according to the reports) took place there, and the somewhat contradictory assertions of persons who were present, justify some pains to sift the testimony and set it right, even at the risk of wearying the reader.

It is to be lamented that the concert of November 15 has been so completely forgotten by all those whose contemporary reports or later reminiscences are now the only sources for our knowledge; for it is certain that, either in the rehearsals or in the public performance, something occurred which caused a serious estrangement and a rupture between Beethoven and the orchestra. But just this is sufficient to obviate certain otherwise insuperable difficulties.

Whoever is familiar with the various writings of Schindler will recollect the bitterness with which he alludes to Ries, — nay, goes so far as to ascribe unworthy motives to his statement in the *Notizen* (p. 84), that once a scene occurred where the orchestra made the composer feel himself in the wrong, "and in all earnestness insisted upon it that he should not direct. So Beethoven during the rehearsal was obliged to stay in the anteroom, and it lasted a long time before this difference was made up." It will presently appear that Schindler in this case is entirely in the wrong, and that such a scene did actually occur in the November concert; but first a narrative from Spohr's Autobiography must be taken into consideration. "Seyfried," he writes, "to whom I expressed my astonishment at Beethoven's singular manner of directing, told of a tragic-comical incident which happened at Beethoven's last concert in the Theater-an-der-Wien."

"Beethoven played a new Pianoforte Concerto by himself, but forgot, at the very first *tutti*, that he was solo-player, sprang up, and began to direct in his manner. At the first *sforzando* he flung his arms so wide apart that he threw both candles from the piano desk upon the floor. The public laughed, and Beethoven was so beside himself at this disturbance that he made the orchestra stop and begin anew. Seyfried, in his anxiety lest the same mishap should repeat itself in the same passage, ordered two choir boys to station themselves near Beethoven, and hold the candlesticks in their hands. One of them unsuspectingly stepped too near, and looked over into the piano part. Accordingly, when the fatal *sforzando* came along, he received from Beethoven's out-sweeping right hand such a hard slap in the face, that the poor lad in terror let the candle fall to the ground. The other boy, more cautious, watched with anxious looks all Beethoven's motions, and succeeded in evading the blow by quickly ducking down. If the public laughed before, this time it broke out into a truly bacchanalian jubilee. Beethoven was so enraged that at the very first

chord of the solo he broke half a dozen strings. All the exertions of the true friends of music to restore peace and attention were for the time being fruitless. Hence the Allegro of the Concerto was lost entirely for the audience. After that mishap Beethoven never would give another concert."

The great inexactness and the extraordinary faults of memory in Spohr's Autobiography, even in matters which he himself had occasion to observe, are well known to every competent judge; but where he, as in this narration, repeats from memory circumstances which have been imparted to him by another, the doubt acquires an especially wide room for exercise. It stands perfectly established that in the concert nothing of the sort occurred; consequently all that he relates about the public, about the efforts of the friends of music, and of the Allegro being lost, has its foundation solely in Spohr's fancy. . . .

Reichardt begins a letter, dated Dec. 25, 1808, with an account of the "Akademie," as follows:—

"The past week," he writes, "in which the theatres were closed and the evenings occupied with public musical performances and concerts, I was not a little at a loss with all my zeal and my purpose of hearing all there was here. Especially was this the case on the 22d, when the musicians here gave the first grand musical performance of this year in the court theatre, for their excellent widows' and orphans' institution; but on the same day Beethoven also gave, in the great suburban theatre, a concert for his own benefit, in which only compositions of his own work were performed. I could not possibly lose this, and so accepted with heartfelt thanks the kind offer of Prince Lobkowitz to take me with him to his box. There, in the most bitter cold, from half-past six to half-past ten, we sat it out, and found the saying verified, that one may easily have too much of a good thing,—still more of a strong thing. The box was in the first tier, quite near the stage, on which the orchestra, and Beethoven, directing in the midst of them, stood very close to us. I did not like, any more than the exceedingly kind-hearted, delicate prince, to leave the box before the concert was entirely over, although many a failure in execution excited our impatience in a high degree. The poor Beethoven, who in this his concert had the first and only gain in solid cash that he could find in the whole year, had found in its arrangement and its execution many a great obstacle and only weak support. Singers and orchestra were composed of very heterogeneous elements; and it had not been possible to procure a complete rehearsal of a single one of the pieces to be performed, all of which were full of the greatest difficulties. Yet you will be astounded to hear what a quantity of things by this fruitful genius and indefatigable worker were performed in the course of four hours.

"First, a Pastoral Symphony, or 'Recollections of Life in the Country,' etc. . . . Every number of this was a very long and perfectly developed movement, full of vivid paintings and of brilliant thoughts and figures; and this one pastoral symphony lasted

longer than a whole court concert is allowed to last with us."

What reception the symphony found with the listeners is nowhere reported. The correspondent of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* evades all criticism. But the composer shared the customary honor of being called out at the end of it, as appears from an anecdote related by F. Hiller. "One of the best known Russian friends of music, Count Wilhouski, told me," he says, "how he was sitting alone in the reserved seats at the first performance of the Pastoral Symphony; and how Beethoven, when he was called out, made to him a (so to say) personal, half-friendly, half-ironical bow."

Reichardt continues: "Then followed, as the sixth piece (the Pastoral counting as five) a long Italian scena, sung by Demoiselle Kilitzky, the beautiful Bohemienne with the lovely voice. That the fair child trembled more than she sang was excusable enough in the grim and bitter cold; for we too shuddered in the close boxes, wrapped in our furs and cloaks."

"Seventh piece: a Gloria in choruses and solos. Unfortunately the execution was an utter failure. Eighth piece: a new Forte-piano Concerto, of monstrous difficulty, which Beethoven executed wonderfully well, and in the very quickest tempos. The Adagio, a masterpiece of lovely, sustained melody, he actually sang upon his instrument, with a deep melancholy feeling that streamed through me. Ninth piece: a grand, very elaborate, excessively long Symphony. A gentleman near us assured us, that at the rehearsal he had seen that the violoncello part alone, which was very actively employed, filled four and thirty sheets of paper. To be sure, the note-writers understand here how to stretch things out, not less than the court and lawyers' copyists with us. Tenth piece: a Sanctus again, with chorus and solo parts. This, like the Gloria, was a total failure in the execution. Eleventh piece: a long Fantasia (improvisatori?) in which Beethoven exhibited his whole mastery; and finally, for the close, another Fantasia, in which presently the orchestra, and at last the chorus, came in. This singular idea was most unlucky in the execution, through such a complete confusion in the orchestra that Beethoven, in his holy zeal for art, thought no more of the public or the place, but shouted out for them to stop and begin it over again. You can imagine how I suffered there with all his friends. At that moment I wished that I had had the courage to go out earlier."

(To be continued.)

BERLIOZ'S MUSICAL CREED.

(From the London Musical Standard.)

THE following letter (which we translate from our Brussels contemporary, *Le Guide Musical*) is not unpublished, but it is little known; and we are surprised, seeing its importance, that M. D. Bernard did not find a place for it in his carefully compiled "Correspondence of Berlioz." The history of this epistle, which displays the vigorous mind of the writer, is as follows: Hector Berlioz had just gained a wonderful success (this was

in 1852) at Weimar with his *Benvenuto Cellini* and *Romeo and Juliet*. The town was full of poets and distinguished musicians, and the enthusiasm was still at its height, when J. C. Lobe, a celebrated composer and author, and one of Berlioz's most fervent partisans, thought it a favorable opportunity for the propagation of his own views and the demonstration of the ideas, tendencies, and aspirations of the author of *Benvenuto*, and it appeared to him that the most efficacious means to secure his end would be to get Berlioz to write a condensed form of his musical creed. Having communicated this idea to the master, Berlioz addressed to him, in reply, the above-mentioned letter, which was published in Lobe's *Fliegende Blätter für Musik*:—

SIR,—You invite me to write for your journal an epitome of my opinions on the present and future state of musical art, requesting me to dispense with the history of the past. I thank you for this reserve; but in order to contain even the abridgment you desire, a large volume would be necessary, and your *Fliegende Blätter* [flying leaves] would no longer be able to "fly." If I understand you rightly, it is simply an authentic account of the musical faith I profess that you wish me to publish. It is after this manner that electors act with regard to the candidates who court the honors of national representation. Now I have not the slightest ambition in this direction. I wish to be neither deputy, senator, consul, nor burgomaster. Besides, if I aspired to the possession of consular dignities, it appears to me the best thing I could do to obtain the suffrages, not of the people, but of the patricians in art, would be to imitate Marius Coriolanus,—appear at the forum, and, uncovering my breast, display the wounds that I have received in the defense of my country. Is not my profession of faith apparent in everything I have had the misfortune to write, in what I have done and in what I have not done? What musical art is to-day you know, and you cannot think that I am ignorant of it; but what it will be, neither you nor I can tell. What, then, shall I say on this subject? As a musician I hope much may be pardoned me, as I have loved much; as a critic I have been, am, and shall be cruelly punished, because I have had, have, and always shall have in my nature a certain amount of hatred and contempt. This is only just; but this contempt is no doubt possessed by you, and there is no need to point out its particular objects.

Music is the most poetic, the most powerful, the most enduring, of all the arts. It ought also to be the most free; but it is not so, and from this cause arise our artistic griefs, obscure devotedness, lassitude, despair, and longings for death. Modern music, music (I do not speak of the courtesan of that name, who is recognized everywhere) with certain connections, may be compared to the Andromeda of old, divinely beautiful in her nudity, whose flashing glances are split up into many colored rays while passing across the prism of her tears. Chained to a rock on the edge of a vast ocean, whose waves beat against its sides without cessation and cover her pretty feet with seething slime, she awaits the Perseus conqueror who is to break her fetters and dash to pieces forever the chimera called Routine, from whose menacing jaws whirlwinds of pestilential and destroying smoke are continually shot forth. I believe, however, that this monster is growing old: his movements have not their youthful energy, his teeth are decayed, his claws blunted, and as his heavy paws slip as he places them on the edge of the rock on which Andromeda is enchained, he begins to recognize the

uselessness of his efforts to scale it, and that he must soon return to the abyss from whence he came. His death-rattle is already heard, and when the beast is dead, what will there remain for the devoted lover to do but to swim to her, break her bonds, and, carrying her distracted across the waves, bring her back to Greece, at the risk even of seeing Andromeda reward so much zeal with indifference and coldness? Vainly will the satyrs of neighboring caverns laugh at his anxiety to deliver her; in vain will they cry, with their goats' voices, "Fool! let her remain captive! You cannot tell whether she would bestow herself on you were she free. Naked and in chains the majesty of her misfortune is only the more impregnable." The lover who truly loves has a just horror of such a crime, and would rather receive than take away. Not only will he save Andromeda, but, after having bathed with his tears the feet so cruelly tortured by heavy chains, he would give her wings to increase her liberty.

This is, sir, all the profession of faith that I can make to you, and I do it solely for the purpose of proving that I have a faith, in which respect so many professors are wanting. Unfortunately for me, I have one and have long publicly professed it, piously obeying the evangelical precept. The text must be greatly in the wrong that says, "By faith alone are we saved," for I find, on the contrary, that it is by faith alone that we are lost, and I also find that it is ruining me. Such is my conclusion, only adding (as my Galilean friend, Greipenkerl, does at the bottom of all his letters), *E pur si muove*. Don't denounce me to the Holy Inquisition. HECTOR BERLIOZ.

LETTERS FROM AN ISLAND.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

I.

VASSAR COLLEGE.

DEAR MR. DWIGHT, — In answer to your inquiries regarding the musical "situation" at Vassar College, I am happy to inform you that the year of study now drawing to a close, in the school for musical art there, has been one calculated not alone to attract the interested attention of an observer like myself, — one whose warm sympathies are with it in all its workings, — but also of a nature to give satisfaction to those practically concerned in it as instructors and students. A genuine spirit of harmony pervades it; the plans of its director are followed with the surety of complete confidence by an able corps of teachers, two of whom are Vassar graduates; and this confidence is shared by every student. Here, all feel, there is no sham; no forced, feverish striving for superficial, temporary success; no experimentalizing, and yet no standing still. Here is an atmosphere of honorable emulation, not overdriven to the excess of ambitious rivalry; solid acquirement, genuine interest in the students' improvement, friendly *esprit de corps*, — in a few words, the inspiration of true art, and the life, the progress, that result from this.

The number of students in the various branches of music taught at Vassar College has been large this year, especially considering how many institutions of the kind, following Vassar's example, have been lately established. This unmistakable proof of the popularity of the musical department of Vassar College is partly owing to the excellent results of last year, — the first, initial year of its formation as a school of art on a footing of as much independence as is possible in a school not wholly isolated, but branching from a foundation of general collegiate education. The number of students in solo and chorus sing-

ing, organ and piano-forte playing, and harmony, has been one hundred and fifty; several of these are special art students, who enter this college for the sole purpose of enjoying the musical advantages it has to offer. Seven concerts have been given since last November, though the entire plan includes nine, two of which will occur during this closing month of the collegiate year. Four of these are given by advanced students, three by artists, two by teachers. Two of the artist concerts were performances of classic chamber music by Messrs. Bergner, Matzka, and Schwarz, with the assistance of students. The third was a pianoforte recital by Franz Rummel. This was Mr. Rummel's first recital, though not his first appearance, in America; and the programme was the same that he has since repeated with such success in New York, Boston, and elsewhere. This programme was a test of the artist's marvelous acquired powers, and of his excellent and often original conception of the master-works he interpreted, — especially Bach's Chromatic Fantasia, and Chopin's Polonaise, Op. 53, — the bass octave passages of which he emphasized with finely graduated force and delicacy, — and in what a tempo he played the Liszt Tarantella! But mechanical dexterity is now so common, such a matter of course to be expected from all pianists, that even Mr. Rummel's magnificent technical ability would not appear so remarkable, were it not for the magnetic warmth of a certain eagerness of expression, a rash impulsiveness, that lend it a peculiarly interesting and piquant coloring. Was it not your own "Fair Harvard" that first among colleges, after Vassar, had the courage and wisdom to organize, within its own walls, a regular season of orchestral and chamber concerts, — or am I mistaken?

Every concert given at Vassar is prefaced by a short introductory address from Dr. Ritter, explaining and analyzing the principal numbers on the programme, — a system first "inaugurated" by him. Besides this, Dr. Ritter gives a regular bi-monthly series of lectures to the musical department during the year. But Vassar students are not wholly dependent on concerts given within its walls. As New York is only three hours distant, students are able to attend matinee performances of opera and concert there, and to return on the same day. This advantage is one of which they have frequently availed themselves this season, by listening to the masterpieces of symphonies or vocal composition performed by the Carlberg, Danrosch, or Philharmonic orchestras, the Mapleson opera company, the organ recitals in various churches, etc.

The school of musical art at Vassar possesses a circulating library which contains more than six hundred numbers, and there are many excellent works of musical literature in the college library. The appearance as solo pianiste (at the evening entertainment which takes place at Vassar on the anniversary of its founder's birthday) of Miss Stevens, a graduate of 1877, and pupil of Dr. Ritter for four years, was an interesting event of this season. Since she graduated, the lady, who is a very accomplished *exécutante*, has appeared with success at several concerts in California and the West, and now goes, by the advice of Dr. Ritter, to study for two years with Drs. Von Bülow and Liszt, before entering upon the career of a professional pianiste. May Miss Stevens never depart from the ideal artistic principles which her instructor has inculcated! And that her future career may prove entirely successful, is the wish of all her friends. The standard of excellence in performance among the students in this school is so high that it excites surprise even in artists, who

listen to the singing and playing of these ladies with admiration for the method of tuition employed, when they hear how short a time pupils are allowed (save in exceptional cases) for daily practice. And, young as Vassar is, several of its musical students of former years are already successfully engaged as teachers or organists elsewhere.

Vassar College, standing in the front rank of women's colleges, is peculiarly a mark for comment and criticism. I have observed that in New York society, and among my European correspondents, one question is more frequently put to me on this subject than any other, "How many famous women has Vassar College turned out yet?" Should a lively demand for "famous women" ever arise, no doubt a mill to supply the necessary article will speedily be established. At present there is no very apparently pressing necessity for an immediate supply, — or of famous men either, to judge from the fact, of which a distinguished editor (who should know) recently informed me, that no great man has graduated from Yale or Harvard for fifty years. If this be true, why expect so much more, in one fifth of the time, from Vassar College and the inferior sex? It is enough to ask from collegiate education that it should raise the average mind of the average thousands of students to a higher plane of thought and action; and this it certainly does. Genius it cannot create, and exceptional natures will always find their own way to exceptional acquired excellence. In this elevation of the faculties, this discipline of the mind, art is a powerful agent; and, although the benefit of such a study may not always become apparent in rare artistic accomplishments (demanding rare artistic qualifications), its effects will invariably appear in the form of greater harmony and breadth of character, superior grace of manner and softness of disposition. This result, and the favorable effect upon health of a judicious study of art, ought to be enough to establish its utilitarian claims to respect, even among those who are incapable of perceiving its beauty, or its elevated rank among the highest achievements of the mind.

President Caldwell holds out promises of excellent things in the way of lectures upon art and literature, etc., to be given in the lecture hall of Vassar College next winter. The Rev. Mr. Spaulding, well known to you in Boston, has already given there two of those illustrated lectures of his on painting, architecture, etc., which have been found so highly interesting wherever he has delivered them, from their refined tone of literary culture and experience. If a great painter does not so much place a picture on canvas, as raise the veils that separate him from the picture of his imagination, the appreciative commentator on such a picture unveils beauties to the eye of the ordinary observer that would otherwise remain unseen by him; and the expression of enlightened individual opinion is always suggestive, even though the ideas of a non-professional may sometimes disagree with the accepted canons of artists. The same quality of liberal appreciativeness which is to be found in the lectures of Mr. Spaulding characterizes (as you are aware) Mr. Fields's analysis of the works of Tennyson, which was also listened to at Vassar last winter. Ladies in general, and we English ladies in particular, may not wholly share the opinion of Mr. Fields in regard to Tennyson's mediæval ideal of womanhood; but all must agree with him in desiring a more complete and solid study of English literature than the system that generally prevails. The spirit of such lectures as these is one well adapted to further something more than the interests of literature, — those of human

fraternity; and where shall we find this spirit more nobly embodied than in the creations of art and poetry? Poets, artists, are the truest republicans! When in presence of a work of art, utterly opposed, perhaps, in its character to all previously acquired thoughts, ideas, and habits, who has not, in a moment of joy, grief, or perturbation, felt a mysterious, foreign, and yet strangely familiar influence whisper to him, in some beautiful verse, some harmonious succession of tones, some rich combination of colors, "Dost thou not understand me? For most surely do I understand thee: I have suffered and rejoiced, loved and hated, like thee, and yet a thousand times more profoundly, as the poet and the artist must, ere they are consecrated to their mission. Look, listen, brother! and then may rest and benediction descend upon thee!"

Yours faithfully, F. R. R.

MAY 26.

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.¹

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

VII.

AFTER you have placed the shadows on that face, you want to make it subtle, to get the dream of it. Don't have the pupils of the eyes small and decided! It is only when people are angry that the pupil grows small. When they are pleased and quiet the pupil grows large. See how little you notice the distinction between pupil and iris when you are at a very short distance! "I've made the shadow on the cheek too black."

If you put in your other darks strong enough, it will not look black.

"Besides, I have made it so bad in color that I don't like to go on with it."

It is in a good state to go on with, if you will put some greenish yellow, *terre-verte brulée*, and raw sienna, into that crimson shadow on the face. Just use the opposite colors, and it will come right.

I don't like the spots in your backgrounds. You ought to be able to get just as much air and color in them by painting them flat, and your figures would come out better. But I don't mean to tell you a great deal. I think that it is better that I should not. You ought to find out things for yourself; and if there is anything that I ought to set you right about, like those backgrounds, I will. But I shall not take the responsibility if you spoil them.

"How far shall I carry the face?"

As far as you like.

If that little girl won't sit still, get a photograph of her. I know that it is horrid to work from photographs generally; but you must have something to help you about the exactness of it. If you get into a real scrape with it, take another canvas, and paint her head on that.

That child's foot ought not to turn up so on one side. The figure would stand much better if it were brought down true. And that's no way to do a fiddle! Just think what a violin is! How carefully it is made! Eichberg could tell in a minute who had made an old violin; there's so much in the look of it. And it is not a thing to treat carelessly.

You must learn to be very careful. All the great men, Velasquez, and the rest, were tremendously careful. I have said that to you forty times; and I know that it won't make the least difference. Put in the whole subject at once, in masses, painting loosely. But don't precise anything unless you do it *exactly right*. And because a thing looks quickly done, and as if you were

smart, never leave it on that account, if it is not right. Don't be afraid to carry your things where they ought to go.

You are on the right track. You are going on well. But I'm sure it won't make you pedantic if I say that now you must be sure of having certain things exactly right; and that you must try for a certain simplicity beyond what you have. I know it is easy for you to make the hard, pedantic "drawing," that people talk so much about. There is a great deal more thought in looser work. I like your studies. There is thought in every one of them. And that can't be said of all pictures.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1879.

SOME THOUGHTS ON MUSICAL EDUCATION.

I.

It seems to me that the time when it was incumbent on every true music-lover to exert himself to the uttermost to encourage the diffusion of musical knowledge throughout our country has now gone by. True, that time is not yet long past; but such is the pace at which everything rushes onward nowadays that musical institutes have sprung up on every hand, and are within the reach and means of almost every one. Musical instruction, as an item in the regular course at our public schools, is now an established fact. In so far as a general knowledge of musical matters is concerned, he who runs may learn. I would by no means be thought to regret this, or to urge anything against it: it is wholly to be rejoiced at, and not at all to be deplored. Yet it does seem that, in view of the great tendency of our peculiar civilization to favor the wide-spread diffusion of everything, from printed cotton goods to religious principles, it would be well now for those who have the honor of music at heart to exert all their influence in the direction of concentrating higher musical instruction; of making it more thorough and clearer of all dubious elements, for the benefit of the very and decidedly musical few instead of the vaguely musical many. In this I refer more especially to what is commonly called theoretical teaching, — the study of harmony, counterpoint, and other items in the art of composition. Music is as yet somewhat of an exotic in America; it has been going through the process of transplanting for some time, and is taking quite as kindly to our soil as there was any reason to expect it would. We have made especially rapid progress in respect to musical performance. I need only mention Mr. Theodore Thomas's orchestra in Cincinnati, the Philharmonic orchestra in New York, the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, and the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, known pretty well all over the country (though it was cradled under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument), to show that we are not wanting in excellent musical means. Some of our pianists, too, could take a very high rank anywhere and everywhere; and Albani, Miss Cary, and Miss Thursby show well what we can do in the way of singing.

But it is not the fine means of performing music that sets the musical stamp upon a country. It is not the quality of music it performs and listens to, nor the manner in which it performs it, but the quality of the music it produces. We have already done something in the way of musical production, and some of our fellow-countrymen can seriously lay claim to the title of composer; yet ours can hardly be called a

composing people in any high sense of the term. But the number of young men who aspire to follow the lead of Mr. Paine and Mr. Dudley Buck is every year increasing, and it is no very visionary possibility that the time is drawing nigh when a highly respectable number of compositions in the more serious forms will be turned out annually by native-born Americans. Of the vast number of pupils who study harmony at our conservatories, there is a fair percentage who do so with some more ambitious aim than the mere getting a comprehensive, bird's-eye view of the art of music, or the qualifying themselves for improvising unobjectionable interludes between the verses of a psalm-tune in church. It is upon just these ambitious ones that the best and purest didactic musical force in our country should be concentrated. As for the others, they do very well to support conservatories for the benefit of themselves and their more worthy brethren: *non ragionam di loro!*

But, considering the fact that we actually have a respectable number of young Americans who dream of the chance of becoming composers, I would say a thoughtful word or two, not to our noble army of teachers (*that* I am by no means entitled to do), but to themselves. To be sure, one is a little inclined, when one sees a young man about to enter upon the arduous path of musical composition, to repeat to him Punch's advice "to those about to be married." But this is a purely cynical way of facing the question, and will not advance matters one whit. I am well aware that one of the most unruly and recalcitrant mortals breathing is the really *talented* pupil in composition: he is hard to lead, and impossible to drive; he is excellent in unmanageableness only by the generally bright and clever pupil, who has a quick intelligence and decided tastes, but no special musical talent. Yet I will take courage. I have long been struck with a singular phenomenon in my own experience as a teacher, which is that pupils, almost without exception, who have shown very marked ability, and have made gratifying progress in the study (so called) of harmony, meet with far less flattering success so soon as they begin the study of counterpoint proper. This difference has seemed to me too great to be accounted for merely by the comparative difficulty of the two studies. I think that it arises mainly from a false appreciation, on the part of the pupil, of the fundamentally different nature of the two studies. Harmony and counterpoint are, in common parlance, loosely lumped together under the general head of Musical Theory. Harmony, the science of the formation and progression of chords and of the relation between different keys, together with the means of passing from one key to another either with or without modulation, is certainly, to a very great extent, a theoretical study; it is something to be understood, learned, and remembered. But simple and double counterpoint, from the first order, note against note, up to polyphonic imitation, is almost purely a practical one. What the harmony student strives to acquire is knowledge, and that refined musical sense that comes from well-digested knowledge; what the counterpoint student aims (or should aim) at acquiring is technique, executive ability. It is a want of appreciation of this fact that makes beginners in counterpoint so self-willed and unamenable to guidance (for, if the talented harmony pupil is unruly, the counterpoint pupil is doubly so), and consequently so slow of progress. In harmony exercises the pupil can almost always answer his teacher with considerable show of justice: "You say that this progression is bad; but it *sounds well!*" But in exercises in counterpoint the teacher can always answer

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back: "Whether what you have written sounds well or not is no matter at all; it is not what you were told to do." Exercises in elementary counterpoint (say writing four notes in the bass against one in the *cantus firmus*, for example) exactly correspond to scales, five-finger exercises, and arpeggio practice in piano-forte playing. Their object is to develop a thorough technique in composing. As for the rules of counterpoint, they can be learned in less time than it takes to learn the notes and fingering of the various major and minor scales. To study counterpoint is one thing, but to practice it is a vastly different thing. And here I would urge upon all persons who have the ambition to become composers to practice counterpoint in all its forms, and to practice it hard, with the most implicit observance of the strictest rules. Without the practical technique that such exercise gives, it is vain to think of doing anything aesthetically worthy in the higher branches of composition.

But the pupil may ask, "Why observe all these strict rules of preparing fourths, and passing from one measure to another by conjunct movement, and the like, which have come down to us from a set of old periwig-pated contrapuntists of the last century, and which all the greatest composers break through constantly, without stint or mercy, and, what is more, with the very best musical effect?" I answer with the counter-question, "Why practice scales with a certain strict fingering when the most eminent pianists often greatly modify this fingering in scale passages that occur in piano-forte compositions? Or, indeed, why practice scales at all, seeing that they are neither pleasing to the ear nor musically interesting in any way?" Before you think of breaking rules, first earn the right to break them, by making yourself superior to them; and remember this well, that a cultivated musician can always tell the difference between the composer who disregards rules because he wishes to and the scribbler who breaks them because he does not know how to comply with them, and has got himself into a tight place, from which he can extricate himself only by kicking over the traces. Why, the difference is as palpable as that between a pianist who makes an intentional *accelerando* and the one whose inadequacy of technique makes him so nervous that he cannot help hurriedly scrambling through a difficult passage. And, upon the whole, when we wish to strengthen our muscles, we swing dumb-bells and Indian clubs and other unwieldy things which are in no wise fascinating to a man of higher athletic aspirations. Call writing strict counterpoint composing in chains, if you will, but remember that by steady practice you can get to wearing your fetters gracefully, and that, in the end, they will fall off of themselves, and leave you a far freer man than you were ever before, and with the power of making a good use of your freedom, too.

WILLIAM F. APTHORP.

(To be continued.)

A CORRECTION.—We were in error in one point of our notice of the concert by the Parish Church Choirs. The choral, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," as there sung, transposed into a very low key, and with the boys' blatant voices overcrowding all, sounded so strangely that we did not recognize Bach's harmony; moreover we were momentarily misled by the name Hassler attached to it upon the programme; though on reading our own article in print we suddenly remembered that the melody, the tune, is commonly ascribed to Hassler, and on inquiry found that the harmony as sung on this occasion was Bach's essentially, although not in the key he uses in the Passion music. By way of amends

for our blunder we will give the historical facts about this choral, as we find them in Carl von Winterberg's "Der Evangelische Kirchengesang," etc., a very elaborate and valuable work, in three quarto volumes, in which he traces the development of the German Protestant church music, out of the simple Lutheran chorals as the germs, into the highest artistic forms of Bach and Handel's time.

The melody in question was originally a love-song. Hans Leo Hassler, of Nuremberg, published about the year 1601 a collection of songs under the title, "Pleasure Garden of new German Songs, Balletti, Galliard and Intraden, with four, five, six, and eight voices, etc." Among these is found a five-part song of five strophes, of which the initial letters form the name "Maria,"—probably that of the beloved to whom the poem is dedicated. The first strophe reads as follows:

Mein G'müth ist mir verwirret;
Das macht ein Jungfrau zart;
Bin ganz und gar verirret,
Mein Herz das kränkt sich hart!
etc., etc.

Which we may loosely imitate:—

My spirit is confounded,
Because a maiden fair
My very heart hath wounded,
And filled me with despair!

A few years later (about 1613) the melody of this song, now commonly referred to by the first line of Paul Gerhard's Passion hymn, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," together with its original five-part harmony, was transferred to a death-bed song, and is found as such in a collection of Latin and German sacred songs published by Johann Rhamba at Görlitz. Instead of the original words the following were now sung:—

Herzlich thut mich verlangen
Nach einem seel'gen End,
Weil ich hie bin umfange
Mit Trübsal und Elend.
Ich hab' Lust abzuschneiden
Von dieser bösen Welt,
Sehn mich nach ew'gen Freuden,
O Jesu, komm' nur bald!

Under this name, "Herzlich thut mich verlangen," this borrowed secular melody soon found its home in the church so completely that for a long time its source was not suspected, and many even now will be surprised to learn that it was not created, but only borrowed, for religious uses. Under this name it is found in all the choral books. But such a pregnant melody, so full of beauty and deep feeling, could not fail to become a favorite theme for harmonic treatment and for contrapuntal development among the German composers, particularly Sebastian Bach, who in the St. Matthew Passion alone has harmonized it in four or five different ways, according to the thought and feeling of the words sung, giving it an altogether peculiar expression in "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden,"—an expression which we confess we missed in the singing of the Parish Choirs.

CONCERTS.

MR. WARREN A. LOCKE, a Harvard graduate of 1869,—a class with more than the usual share of musical members,—after several years of study in Germany, returned last fall and settled down in Cambridge as an organist and teacher of music. On Tuesday evening, May 22, he gave his first concert in Lyceum Hall, assisted by Mr. George L. Osgood, tenor, and Messrs C. N. Allen, violin, Henry Heindl, viola, Wulf Fries, cello, and Alexander Heindl, basso. The audience was large and friendly, a fair representation of Cambridge culture, and included not a few musicians and amateurs from Boston. Mr. Locke presented the following choice bill of fare:—

Quintet in E-flat minor, Op. 87 Hummel.
a. Allegro e risoluto assai. b. Menuetto;
Allegro con fuoco. c. Largo. d. Finale,
Allegro agitato.
Piano-forte, Violin, Viola, 'Cello, Basso.

Songs.
Die Forelle Schubert.
Mondnacht Schumann.
Im Sommer Franz.
Golden rolls beneath me } Rubinstein.
As sings the lark }

Quintet (Forellen-) in A major, Op. 114. Schubert.
a. Allegro vivace. b. Andante. c. Scherzo;
Presto. d. Thema con Variazioni. e. Allegro giusto.
Piano-forte, Violin, Viola, 'Cello, Basso.

A sensible programme for a debutant! First, in that he did not present himself with the ambition of a solo-playing virtuoso, but rather, it would seem, for the simple end of taking his stand in public as a respectable musician, well educated and appreciative. Secondly, because his selections were all excellent; and last, not least, because the concert was of reasonable length, precisely one hour and a half. Mr. Locke's skill and taste proved equal to his modesty. It was not a crucial test of an executive pianist to play the comparatively easy piano-forte parts in those two quintets. Yet, while not particularly difficult in a technical sense, they do require a sensitive touch, a sure, firm accent, and much fluency and grace of execution, all which they received at his hands. His playing was characterized by ease and delicacy, and showed a true musical temperament and feeling. He was fortunate also in his string quartet of associate interpreters. The two quintets were well contrasted, and both interesting, though neither of them belonging to the strong, great specimens of the not very numerous class,—not to be compared, for instance, to the E-flat Quintet by Schumann. That by Hummel—the only one he wrote—has all the fluent grace and elegance which characterize his works, with little that is deep in feeling or strikingly imaginative; but it is the work of an artist and a true musician brought up in the very atmosphere of Mozart and of Beethoven; and for us here it had the interest of novelty and freshness, and displayed the young musician to advantage.

Mr. Osgood was in his best voice and mood, and sang all his songs delightfully. He threw a plenty of fervor into Rubinstein's "Golden rolls beneath me," sometimes called by another line: "Oh that it were ever abiding!" And in that singular little "Lark" song, he rose to the climax of its passionate crescendo with such power that it had to be repeated in spite of the strange, almost Mephistophelian anticlimax of the last two lines, for which the poet is responsible: "But Reason bids me silent stand, and holds me back with icy hand" (!). It was well that Mr. Osgood sang Schubert's "Trout" song in its original form, making plain the reason of the title of the "Trout (Forellen) Quintet," which came after. The song was composed in 1817, the quintet two years later. At the end of Schubert's autograph of the song stand these words in his own handwriting: "Dearest friend! It rejoices me exceedingly that my songs please you. As a proof of my sincerest friendship, I send you here another, which I have just this moment written, at Anselm Hüttenbrenner's, at twelve o'clock midnight. I wish that I might form a nearer friendship with you over a glass of punch."

A trout might well be a fit subject for playful variations; and the melody of the song is used for such in the fourth movement of the quintet, being first played in harmony by the quartet of strings, then taken up by the piano-forte, while the strings play flashing trout-like figures of accompaniment, and so on, through kaleidoscopic shiftings of form, and of light and shadow, until at last the melody is sung by one and another of the strings, while the

piano-forte gives the original figures of accompaniment. But these variations are hardly more interesting than many portions of the other movements, in which some flashing little figure ever and anon occurs to show you that trout lurking in the background. The opening Allegro has a rich, cool, buoyant character; and the Minuet and Trio are very bright and vivid. We cannot quite agree with Herr Kreissle von Hellborn, who speaks of this as "the melodious but somewhat spiritless piano-forte Quintet, Op. 114."

MISS SELMA BORG's Orchestral Concert at the Music Hall (May 16) was certainly unique and interesting, inasmuch as it presented the singular spectacle of an orchestra conducted by a woman, while the programme, with the exception of the first piece, was composed entirely of Russian, Finnish, and Scandinavian music. All of this had more or less of a Norse flavor, though comparatively few of the selections appeared to belong to the old folk-lore of the North, the greater number of them being manifestly modern and by composers of the present day. Here is the programme:—

1. Organ Solo. "Processional March." (By request) S. B. Whitney.
2. Tenor Songs:
 - a. "Dawn in the Forest" (Finnish) Carl Collan.
 - b. "Russia's Prayer for Freedom." Gustaf Stolpe.
3. Ancient Finnish Folk-Songs arranged for orchestra. "Vasa March" and "March of the Finns," played at the battle of Lützen (1632), when Gustavus Adolphus gave up his life for the cause of Protestantism.
4. Duets:
 - a. "Moonlight" Gunnar Wennerberg.
 - b. "Twilight Hour" Gunnar Wennerberg.
5. Cornet Solos:

Three Finnish songs, arranged by D. W. Reeves.
6. Swedish Wedding March Södermann.
7. Russian National Anthem Lwoff.
8. Contralto Solos:
 - a. "Remembrance"
 - b. "The Golden Star" (Finnish) Carl Collan.
9. Overture to the Finnish Opera, "Kullervo" Filip von Schantz.
10. Tenor Songs (Norwegian):
 - a. "Forest Wandering" Grieg.
 - b. "The Young Birch Tree" Grieg.
 - c. "Spring Song" Grieg.
11. Swedish Folk Songs, arranged for Orchestra.
12. a. "Björneborg's March" played by the Finnish Guard before Plevna (1878).
b. "National Hymn of Finland."

The general impression which we brought away from all this music was of something far less national, distinctive, characteristic, than we had expected. The truth is, we imagine, that the essential traits of all the old peoples' melodies, of whatsoever nationality, have been so much reproduced by modern composers, especially the Germans, that they have become part and parcel of the current musical coin of the world. Doubtless the "Vasa March" and the "March of the Finns," in No. 3 of the programme, are historical, but here we had them only served up incidentally in the midst of a very modern orchestral fantasia. "Björneborg's March," too, and the National Hymn which closed the concert, are no doubt genuine. But the only orchestral music of really artistic character presented was entirely modern; namely: Södermann's "Swedish Wedding March," played by an inadequate, reduced orchestra; the "Russian National Hymn," which, with the roar of the great organ added to the orchestra, had a mighty volume of sonority, but was taken at an inconceivably slow tempo; and von Schantz's Overture to a Finnish Opera. This last was interesting and original, worked up with a great deal of skill, and full of fire; but without Liszt, Wagner, Raff, etc., it never would have been written; it is wholly in the spirit of "the Future."

If we turn to the songs, decidedly the most interesting were the three by Grieg, one of the youngest of the Northern (Norwegian) composers

who have passed through the mill at Leipzig. The songs by Collan, Stolpe, Wennerberg, etc., are characterized by sadness and a sentimental sweetness, as well as a certain freshness and simplicity. Those duets, the voices moving in sixths and thirds, seemed to us of much the same character with songs by English composers of some fifty years ago, such as were often heard here in the parlor. The Swedish Folk-Songs (No. 11), played by the orchestra, short little strains, seemed to us more like true wild-flowers of native melody. The contralto songs were sung in a pure rich voice, with true expression by Mrs. C. C. Noyes, and the tenor songs found a good interpreter in Mr. Julius Jordan, who has a light, pure tenor, and a refined style.

For Miss Borg's conducting of the orchestra great allowance must be made, since she had been taken suddenly ill that day on the receipt of alarming news about a dear friend in Russia, unnerving her completely for some hours. Her manner was extremely enthusiastic, seemingly inspired by her country's music; her motions energetic, free, and graceful. She seemed to be acting out the emotions of the music before the orchestra and audience; and how far that might be helpful to the musicians, we are not yet prepared to judge. Nor was it possible, from anything done in that concert, to measure her musicianship. She had the disadvantage of an orchestra too small and made up of rather heterogeneous materials. But at all events the zeal for her native music, which moves her to stand forth as its interpreter and advocate, — a mission not without its sacrifices, — is worthy of respect.

A Piano-forte Concert by pupils of Mr. T. P. CURRIER, at Wesleyan Hall, Friday afternoon, May 16, was another instance of how the tide has turned of late years, even in pupils' concerts, in the direction of sound classical programmes. The general style of performance, too (of what we heard), was worthy of the programme:

1. Overture to "Son and Stranger." Mendelssohn.
(For two pianos, eight hands.)
Misses Fisher, Gould, Osgood, and Turner.
2. Concerto, D minor Mozart.
Romance and Presto. (With second piano accompaniment.)
Miss Osgood.
3. (a.) Venise, Gondoliers Jäell.
(b.) Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 2. Schubert.
Miss Gould.
4. Concerto, D minor. Mendelssohn.
(With second piano accompaniment.)
Miss Fisher.
5. Rondo, E-flat. Weber.
Miss Osgood.
6. Scherzo, Op. 31. Chopin.
Miss Fisher.

The very satisfactory performances by the two young ladies in the second part showed how much we had lost in not hearing the first part. Miss Fisher's rendering of the D minor Concerto of Mendelssohn was in every way creditable to herself, and to her teacher, who played the accompaniment. She had evidently been taught in a sound method. Her touch is clear and sympathetic, her execution sure and even and equal to all the difficulties of such a work. She played the Chopin Scherzo, too, with not a little fire and brilliancy. Miss Osgood, in the Rondo by Weber, bore equal testimony to good opportunities of instruction well improved. It all seemed like honest, unaffected, faithful work in an artistic direction.

HERR HANS RICHTER, who conducted Wagner's famous orchestra at the last Bayreuth festival, has been giving some orchestral concerts in London, where he has been greatly admired. Especially fine has been his conducting of selections from Wagner's works, which, says *The Academy*, were given with almost electrical effect. It is announced that he will return to London next season, and conduct a series of eight concerts, in which the nine Symphonies of Beethoven are to be performed in chronological order.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BALTIMORE, MAY 31. — The eleventh series of exhibition concerts of the students at the Peabody Conservatory closed on Thursday last.

The programmes of the three evenings were as follows:—

1. TUESDAY, MAY 27, 1879.
 - (a) Piano-Trio, C major. No. 3 Haydn.
(For piano, violin, and violoncello.)
Miss Ada Swartzwelder.
 - (b) Violin-Sonata, C major. No. 6 Haydn.
(For piano and violin.)
Miss Hallie Edmunds.
- Violin-Romance, G minor, No. 6. Op. 7 Viewtemps.
Mr. Henry Boeckner.
- (a) Piano-Trio, B-flat major. Op. 11 Beethoven.
(For piano, violin, and violoncello.)
Miss Nora Freeman.
- (b) Violin-Sonata, E-flat major. Op. 12 Beethoven.
(For piano and violin.)
- Adagio con molto espressione. — Rondo: allegro molto.
Miss Ida Carlile.
2. WEDNESDAY, MAY 28.
 - (a) Piano-Trio in C minor. Op. 1. No. 3 Beethoven.
Miss Mary van Bibber.
 - (b) Piano-Quartet in B-flat major. Op. 16 Beethoven.
Miss Helen Todhunter.
 - (c) Piano-Trio in C major. Op. 1. No. 2 Beethoven.
Miss Agnes Hoen.
3. THURSDAY, MAY 29.

Fifteen Variations and Fugue, E-flat major. Op. 35 Beethoven.
(Composed on a theme from the Eroica Symphony. For Piano.)
Mr. Ross Jungnickel.

Fourth Scherzo, G major. Op. 101 G. Satter.
(For piano.)
Miss Susie Moore.

The Queen's Polka. Caprice. A-flat major. Op. 95 J. Raff.
(For piano.)
Mr. Adam Itzel.

Concert-Paraphrase on Verdi's "Rigoletto" Fr. Liszt.
(For piano.)
Miss Sarah Schoenberg.

Serenade for soprano Scuderi.
Miss Mary Arthur.

Romance for baritone T. Mattei.
Mr. Wm. Lincoln.

Separation. Romance for contralto G. Rossini.
Miss Emma Steiner.

Scene and Air from the opera "Nabucco" C. Verdi.
Miss Helen Winternitz.

Air from the opera "Il Guarany" C. Gomes.
Miss Ida Crow.

Duet composed by Miss Emma Steiner.
Misses Winternitz and Crow.

Study for nine voices, in three parts P. Baraldi.
Misses Winternitz, Steiner, Graflin, Moore, Steinbach, Sharp, Crow, Sultzter, and Arthur.

Of course, every one acquitted himself or herself creditably; but those really deserving special mention are the following: The Misses Agnes Hoen, Helen Todhunter, Mary van Bibber, Sarah Schoenberg, and Messrs. Jungnickel and Itzel. The last-named gentleman is about fifteen years of age, I believe, and has evinced much talent, not only in piano performance, but also in other branches of music. His dexterity at the piano is really marvelous in so small a specimen of humanity, whose little hands would seem scarcely capable of striking an octave.

The director left to-day for Copenhagen, to return next fall; and the symphonies of the great masters have been consigned to the shelf for a season to make room for Strauss, Suppé, and Offenbach, at the summer garden concerts opening next week under the direction of Carlberg, with an orchestra of twenty-seven of our own musicians at the Academy.

CINCINNATI, MAY 14. — As the amusement season is drawing to a close, the remaining orchestral and chamber concerts of the two series are following each other in such rapid succession that only a hasty survey of them is possible in this letter. In the tenth orchestra concert the college choir appeared for the second time in public. The programme comprised

- Symphony No. 1, C minor Johannes Brahms.
Selections from "Ruins of Athens" Beethoven.
(a.) Chorus of Dervishes, Op. 113.
(b.) Turkish March, Op. 113.
(c.) March and Chorus, Op. 114.
- Selections from 2d Act, "Flying Dutchman" Wagner.
Introduction. Spinning Chorus. Ballad and Chorus.
Symphonic Poem. Les Preludes. Liszt.

The Brahms Symphony has been so extensively commented on in your columns that I will not obtrude my opinion of it at length. I cannot refrain from saying, however, that with every hearing of the work the first favorable impression it made on me is deepened. There is an earnestness and nobility pervading every part, a perfection and polish in the detail work, and, it appears to me, often lofty flights of inspiration, which stamp the symphony as being more than

the fruit of laborious contrapuntal work. The numerous syncopations and shifted rhythmic accents did not produce in me the feeling of unrest and confusion which I experienced when I heard it for the first time. The contrafact, which we boast of having in our orchestra, gives a remarkable sombre coloring to parts of the work, such as is lost entirely if the part is taken by a brass instrument. In the *Andante* the beautiful tone and phrasing of Mr. Jacobsen in the solo violin part was a pleasant feature.

The male voices of the college choir in the Chorus of Derivishes were very effective. Accuracy and firmness was noticeable throughout. The Spinning Song from the *Flying Dutchman* was the best performance with which the college choir has so far favored us. That the chorus following the ballad, especially the *Prestissimo*, was, in places, somewhat nervous and blurred, I think is to be attributed greatly to the position which the singers must necessarily occupy. The distance which separates the altos from the sopranos is so great that a perfect understanding between the two parts is made extremely difficult. Miss Norton, in attempting the trying role of Senta, took upon herself a very laborious task. The manner in which she sang the ballad was very good throughout, and in some passages highly dramatic, — not a little praise for a comparatively inexperienced singer. Miss Stone, in the part of Mary, assisted the ensemble very creditably. In *Les Preludes* the orchestra was evidently not so perfectly at home as in the Symphony. I must add that the smooth and accurate rendering of the latter was in striking contrast with the manner in which the same players performed this work in the first concert of the season.

Musicians, especially, had been looking forward to the ninth chamber concert with the greatest interest, for the programme contained, besides the Schumann Quintet, Op. 44, the great Beethoven Quartet, No. 14, Op. 131, in C-sharp minor. So exacting are the demands made on the players in this remarkable composition, that it is very seldom performed. Technically, only virtuosos can do justice to it, while few artists can give an interpretation which will, in a measure even, bring light into its contrapuntal chaos. It is, therefore, a proof of the extraordinary excellence of the rendering of this work, — which is the bone of contention to so many aestheticians, — that after the performance the audience, in the highest enthusiasm, insisted on the reappearance of the artists. And, indeed, it was a deserved tribute, for never have I heard so clear and transparent an interpretation of this intricately constructed work. There was a certainty, a freedom, even in the most difficult numbers, which I failed to notice when I heard this same composition performed by the very best string quartets in Europe. It was a worthy climax to the steady improvement which was marked in every chamber concert. The quintet, with Mr. Singer as pianist, did not show so good an ensemble as we are accustomed to hear. Perhaps it was the expectancy on the part of the performers of the great work to follow, — the quartet, that caused the lack of unity. The tenth chamber concert had for its programme: —

Quartet, Op. 192, "Die schöne Müllerin" R.aff.
Sonata, A minor, Op. 19 Rubinstein
Quintet for Strings, C major, Op. 163 Schubert.
Mr. Doerner, pianist. Mr. Brandt, "cello.
The Raff Quartet, programme music of the purest water, I could not accept as being anything more than very skillfully "made" music. There are all the effects introduced which so perfect a musician as Raff commands, but true poetry I could not find in the composition. The Rubinstein Sonata, which is widely known, received an excellent interpretation at the hands of Messrs. Doerner and Jacobsen. The beautiful Schubert Quintet came like a ray of sunlight after so much modern music. Never did I feel so deeply and intensely the dangers to art into which the present tendency of composing is inevitably leading. The unaffected, natural, inspired strains of Schubert stood in striking contrast with the labored, artful efforts of Raff, and the untamed, unbridled passionateness of Rubinstein. The eleventh chamber concert gave us

Trio, No. 6 (Serenade), for Flute, Violin, and Viola, Op. 25 Beethoven.

Mr. Wittgenstein, flutist.
Quartet, F major, Op. 37 Xaver Scharwenka.
Sonata, A major, Op. 47 (Kreutzer) Beethoven.
Mr. Schneider, pianist.

The Beethoven Trio is a charming novelty, and shows the wonderful command which Beethoven had over all possible combinations of instruments. The viola is so cleverly employed as to make the absence of a fundamental bass instrument scarcely felt. The quartet by Scharwenka is universally pronounced by European critics to be the best composition of this kind which has been written since Schumann's famous quartets. It contains many beauties, shows the composer to be thoroughly at home in all the technicalities of composing, and above all does not attempt in its construction to improve on the logical and time-honored laws of form. The Kreutzer Sonata was played by Messrs. Schneider and Jacobsen in most admirable style. Both performers seemed to have one conception of the work, and to command all the means necessary to bring it to the most perfect expression. With every public appearance, Mr. Jacobsen impresses one more and more as a thorough, conscientious, and poetic artist. Mr. Schneider, one of our very best pianists here, proved himself both in the quartet and sonata to be an excellent ensemble player.

Quite an event to the lovers of piano music was the arrival of Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, who was announced to give two recitals. Unfortunately, the welcome which it was the intention of the Musical Club to give him could not be extended, on account of his absence from the city on the day appointed for the meeting. While the programmes prepared by Mr. Sherwood could not but attract the attention of musicians, the circumstance that an enviable reputation preceded him assisted in bringing to the recitals every prominent pianist in the city. On the first evening Mr. Jacobsen assisted in the E-flat Sonata, Op. 12, and in the Kreutzer Sonata by Beethoven; on the second, Mr. Doerner took part in the *Andante* and *Variations*, Op. 46, of Schumann. The other principal numbers were *Fantasia* and *Fugue* in G minor, Bach; Sonata, Op. 111, Beethoven; *Etudes Symphoniques*, Schumann; besides compositions of Handel, Rheinberger, Chopin, Liszt, and others. Mr. Sherwood's playing has been so often spoken of in your columns that it is certainly unnecessary for me to give vent to the enthusiastic admiration for it, which I only share with all the other pianists, without exception, who heard these two recitals. When the most trying feats of modern virtuosity are so completely mastered that they are almost lost sight of, even as a factor only, in the reproducing of a work, but above all, when a healthy sentiment and noble dignity pervades the interpretation of an art work, when this interpretation appears to be more the result of momentary inspiration than of long and laborious study, — then the highest pinnacle in reproductive art has been reached. And these excellences appear in Mr. Sherwood's playing. The pianists of our city have been accused of unfairness because they in the past did not show themselves willing to give adulation to virtuosos who dazzle with brilliancy of execution, but substitute for true sentiment affected mannerism. The genuine heartiness and pleasure with which they accord to Mr. Sherwood unstinted praise and admiration, I hope, will not fail to disprove that charge. — With the pleasant spring days the attendance on Mr. Whiting's organ recitals is constantly on the increase. He continues to offer choice programmes made up of the standard classic organ compositions, as well as of interesting novelties, in the executing of which nothing remains to be desired other than a hall which would permit of a more thorough appreciation of their beauties. Of the elaborate preparations for the Saengerfest of the North American Saengerbund I will speak in my next letter, as they are of a nature to demand attention.

CHICAGO, MAY 28. — Since my last letter I have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. William H. Sherwood play two important programmes of piano-forte music, consisting of the following numbers: Chromatique Fantasia and Fugue, Bach; Concerto in A minor, Op. 54, Schumann (orchestral part on a second piano-forte, by Mr. H. Clarence Eddy); Impromptu in A-flat, Op. 29, Etude in B minor, Op. 25, No. 10, Waltz in B minor, Op. 69, and the larger one in A-flat, Op. 34, — all of Chopin; "Moment Musical," of Moskowski; "Perpetual Motion," Weber-Brahms; "Faust Waltz," Gounod-Liszt; Sonata, Op. 111, Beethoven; Kreisleriana, Nos. 1 and 5, Romance in F-sharp, Op. 28, "Vogel als Prophet," and "Ende vom Lied," Op. 12, — all of Schumann; the "Fire Fugue" of Handel; *Etudes*, Op. 10, and *Nocturne*, Op. 48, Chopin; "Walderauschen," and Grand Polonaise in E major, of Liszt; "Toccata di Concerto," Op. 36, August Dupont; "Lohengrin's Verweis an Elsa," and "Isolden's Liebes-Tod," Wagner-Liszt; and an Allegro, Op. 5, by the pianist himself. As one reviews the long list of difficult and interesting numbers, and considers what a ground they cover, and what a variety of schools and composers they represent, he must fairly acknowledge that to play them all from memory, and in an intelligent and perfect manner, would indeed require an accomplished artist. Such a performer we had in Mr. Sherwood, and it will be with the most sincere admiration that we shall remember his visit to our city. For he not only gave us great enjoyment, but afforded some of our young pianists the needed opportunity of hearing good interpretations of celebrated classical works. I have not seen one adverse criticism, or heard a word, except in approval of his fine performances; and, indeed, our city papers and the intelligent music-lovers have all extended to him the fullest praises for the enjoyment he has given us.

Personally, I enjoyed his fugue playing, and his interpretation of the Schumann Concerto, together with his Chopin and Beethoven selections, the best of all the music he gave us. The brilliancy and difficulty of the Liszt numbers may dazzle for a time, and perhaps half carry one away in the mad whirl of exciting contrasts; but in the quiet moments, when music lingers as a delightful memory, the rich harmonies, the grand melodies, and classic forms of the old masters, seem, after all, the best. Modern invention in musical form may partake of the spirit of the age, and give us a new sensation as the "music of the future" bursts upon our ears, and we may listen with no little delight to its varied novelties; but, after all, the heart goes back to the old masters to find its resting-place, and to reach the fullest acme of enjoyment. Mr. Sherwood played the Liszt music with fire and passion, and his audience seemed carried away by the brilliancy of his performance; but I trust that he will not allow the enthusiasm of a delighted public to tempt him to make intensity his principal aim; for to calm his listeners into sympathy with

the lovely compositions of the old masters, even if all applause is hushed into the happy silence of contentment, does more for the advancement of his art, and his own progress as an artist.

The last of the "Hershey Hall Popular Concerts" presented a programme that contained some fine numbers: the most particularly notable being Brahms's Piano-forte Concerto in D minor, Op. 15, which was played by Mrs. Clara Von Klänge; the *Toccata* in F, Bach; and "Morceau de Concert," Op. 24, Guilman, performed on the organ by Mr. H. Clarence Eddy. The Brahms Concerto was played in a very musician-like manner; yet, although it contains some quite interesting music, it did not (to my mind) seem worthy of all the study it must have cost to prepare it for a public performance. With an orchestral accompaniment, it would doubtless be much more pleasing; and I regret that we were obliged to hear it for the first time with only a second piano-forte as a substitute. Mr. Eddy's organ playing is always so artistic in its finish, and we have become so accustomed to hearing him do everything he attempts so well, that not unfrequently his performances are passed over without according to him the high praise so justly his due. On Saturday last he reached his ninety-sixth organ recital, presenting a splendid programme of great magnitude. The principal selections were: "Introduction and Double Fugue, Op. 41, Merkel; Choral Prelude, Bach; Chorus from *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi; "Cantabile" in G minor, Ph. Em. Bach; Largo, of Haydn; Prelude in C, G. J. Vogler; Concerto, Op. 5 (new), E. Prout; an organ sketch, "The Lake," Dr. Spark; "Elegy Fugue," Op. 42, Guilman; and a Duet, "Fest-intrade," Op. 76, Dr. Volkmar. In the last number he had the assistance of a talented pupil, Mr. A. F. McCanell.

Mr. Carl Wolsch brought his series of historical piano-forte recitals to a close last Saturday, presenting selections from the following modern composers: Gernsheim, Tschakowsky, Grieg, Von Bülow, and Scharwenka. These recitals have afforded the piano-forte student a fine opportunity to become acquainted with a large variety of new works, and also to hear a number of very old compositions but seldom played.

Although the musical season is drawing to its close, we are yet to have the *Messiah* of Handel from the Apollo Club; Verdi's *Requiem* from the Beethoven Society; two concerts by Wilhelm and a number of smaller entertainments, before the midsummer days quiet us to rest. Of these as they approach. C. H. B.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE. — The 52d Concert (fourth series) consisted of an Organ Recital by Prof. C. H. Morse, with the following programme: —

Sonata in B-flat. Op. 65-4 Mendelssohn.
Benediction Nuptiale Saint-Saëns.
Allegretto grazioso Tours.
Passacaglia in C minor Bach.
Christmas Song Adam-Whiting.
Grand Choeur Guilman.
Adagio, Duo Sonata. Op. 30 Merkel.

(Arranged as solo by C. H. Morse.)

"Star Spangled Banner" J. K. Paine.

The 50th Concert was given Saturday evening, April 23, with Mr. E. B. Perry pianist and Mrs. J. W. Weston vocalist. The 51st consisted of an Organ Recital by Prof. C. H. Morse, with the following interesting programme: Bach, *Fantasia* and *Fugue*, G minor, bk. ii.; Mendelssohn, *Notturmo*, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Op. 61 (arranged by Warren); Wagner, *Chorale*, "Meistersinger"; Guilman, *Invocation*; Gounod, *March Romaine*; Jensen, *Bridal Song*, from Op. 45 (arranged by Warren); Best-Roeckel, "Air du Dauphin"; Guilman, *March Funèbre* et *Chant Seraphique* (by request).

Suppe's buffo opera, *Boccaccio*, has met with little success in Leipzig.

Owing to continued indisposition, Mme. Gerster and week at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Mme. Christine Nilsson were again unable to appear last week. Provided with new and hitherto unused materials, Dr. Bernhard Stave, now of Grlitz, is about to publish a Biography of Chopin. (How many more?)

Wagner has completed the composition of *Parsifal*, the first performance of which is fixed for August, 1881, at Bayreuth. (Twenty-four months are required for rehearsal!)

Herr von Hülsen, accompanied by Herr Eckert, has visited Hamburg to hear Goldmark's *Königin von Saba*, with a view to its production at the Royal Opera House, Berlin.

HONORS and attentions continue to flow in upon Miss Thursty since her triumph in Paris. Pasdeloup has had a medal struck and presented to her, and the "artistic society" have sent her a magnificent card receiver in bronze. Miss Thursty recently sang for Ambrose Thomas of the Paris Conservatory, and he has written her a letter such as Patti or Nilsson would be proud to receive. Gounod was to give her a complimentary dinner; and numberless offers from opera managers have been tendered her, which she has declined, insisting that the concert is her true field.

